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HOMEWARD FROM THE FIELDS SHE HIES, NORA WITH THE NUT-BROWN EYES.

THOUGHTS AND FANCIES

Poems and Pictures of Life and Mature

MRS. MARY DE BRINE

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER'S SONGS," "GRANDMA'S ATTIC TREASURES," "PAPA'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS,"
"FOUR LITTLE FRIENDS," "HITHER AND THITHER," ETC.

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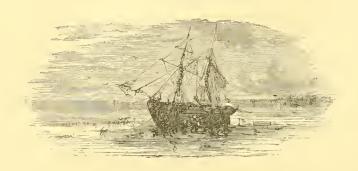
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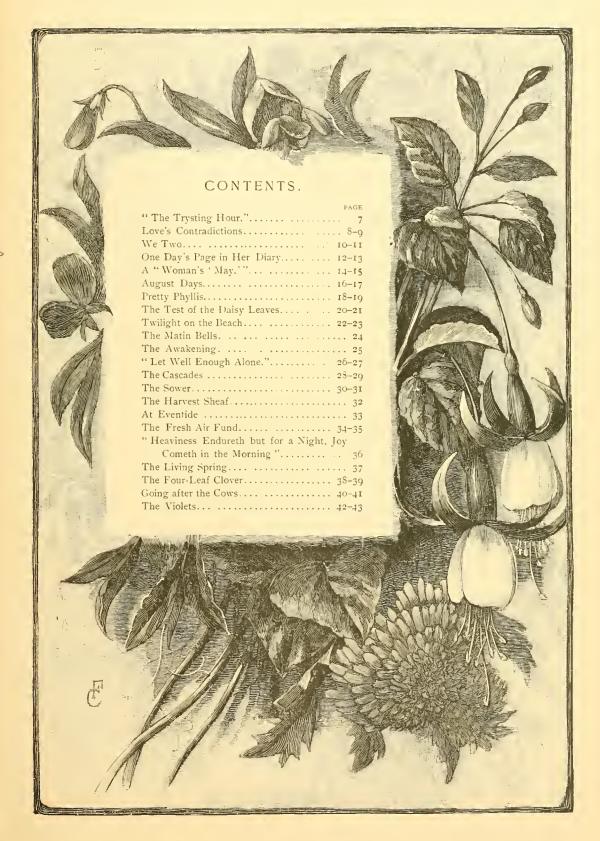
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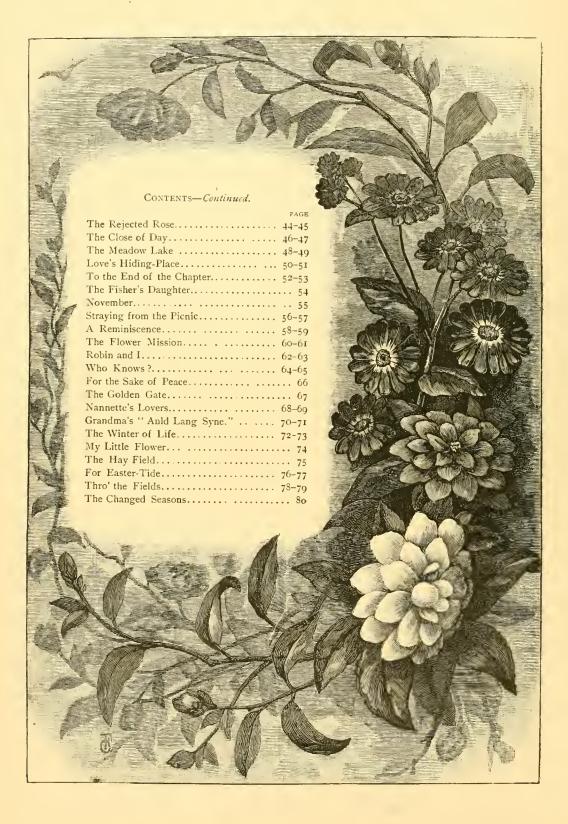
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THE TRYSTING HOUR.

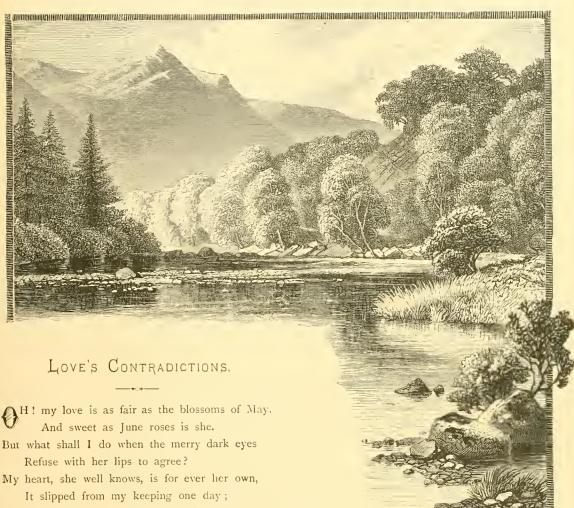
OMEWARD from the fields she hies,
Nora with the nut-brown eyes.

Thro' the woods at close of day
Eagerly she takes her way.

Weary? Yes; but knowing who
Seeks the little foot-bridge, too,
What cares she for weariness?

Her true laddie's fond caress
(As he comes his love to meet)
Soon her waiting heart will greet.
Then together, side by side,
At the happy eventide,
Hand in hand, with eyes aglow,
O'er the homeward path they'll go.





And tho' I made haste to demand its return, The truant refused to obey.

She knows I am waiting an honest reply To the question I asked-long ago. But, alas! while her eyes shine a positive "Yes," Her saucy, red lips answer-" No!" Now what can be done with a maiden like this? My heart on the qui vive remains,

First hoping, then longing, then coaxing, and then Most cruelly teased for my pains!

She's "in love with Dame Nature," she merrily says, When I press her for sober replies;

But there's somehow a glance that my heart beats

When she lifts to my own her bright eyes.

There never was seen so provoking a maid, Nor one so bewitching indeed: And I am so truly her captive, that still

I'll follow where'er she may lead.

She may "love old Dame Nature," but I will love

best The maid who is Nature's own child: First playful, then sober, then grave, and then gay; Cruel at times, and then mild.

Oh! which are the truer-the eyes or the lips? Of the two-which can lover believe?

I'll trust the dear eyes, for red lips are oft false; But the eyes-they can never deceive!



WE Two.

GOME wife, dear woman, and sit by me,
For the toilsome day is done,
And many thoughts in my heart are born
With the setting of the sun.

Ay, give me your hand, my patient love,
That my own may clasp it tight.

Not dearer it was in the days agone,
Dear wife, than it is to-night.

Old and wrinkled it may be, dear,

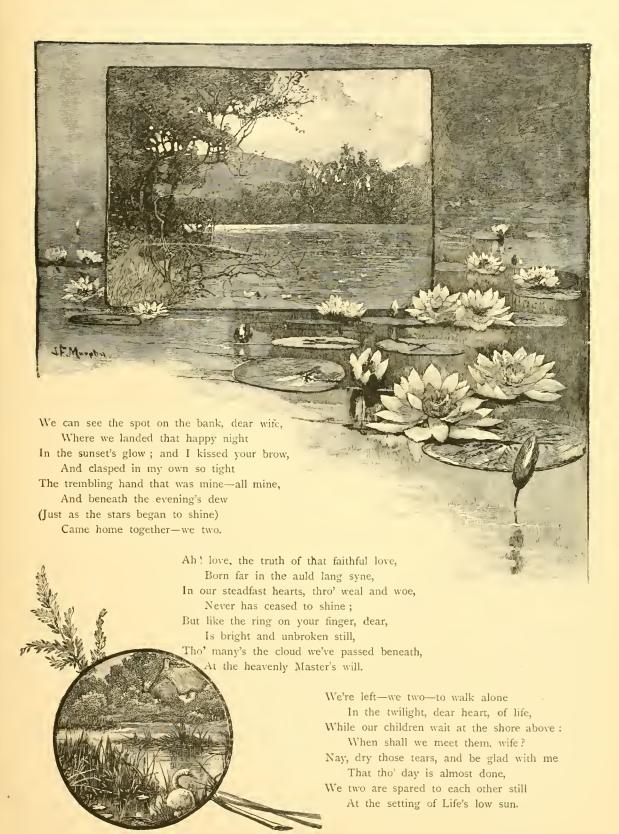
But look you, wife, at the shine
Of the ring that has clung to your finger there
Since the day that I called you mine.
'Twas a long, long march from our youth to age;
But Time, be he ne'er so gray,
Can never tarnish the lustre, dear,
Of the pledge of our wedding-day.

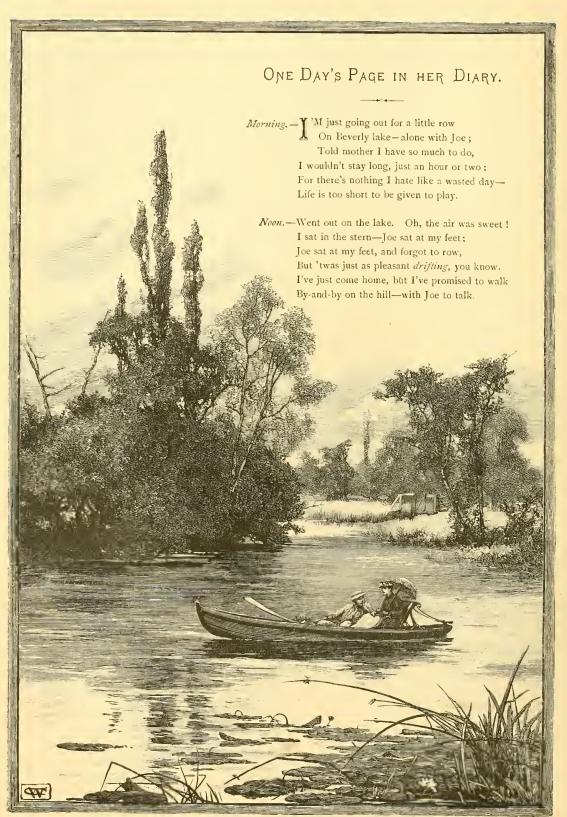
Look, wife, look out o'er the dear old pond!

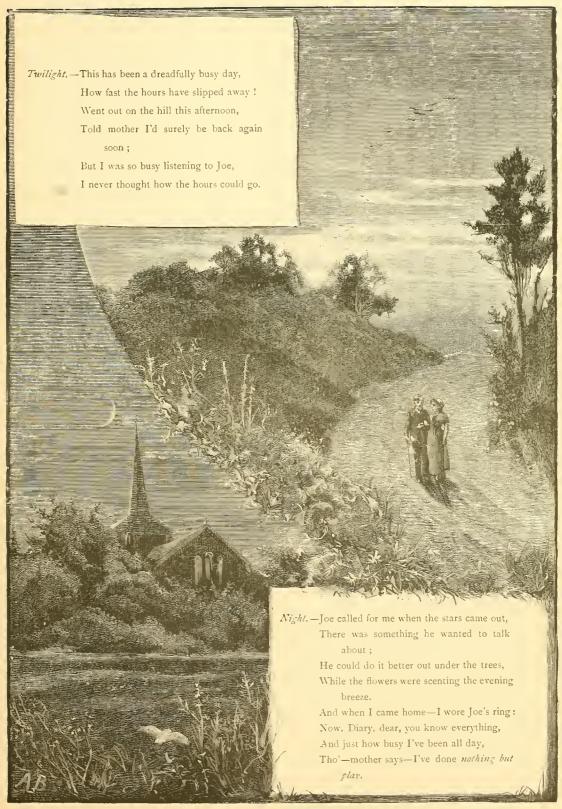
How it lies 'neath the sunset's glow,
All bathed in the tints we liked to see
In those days of our long ago.
The lilies are swect, the lilies are white—
As white as they used to be
When, after the duties of day were done,
You rowed on the pond with me.

Do you remember that one glad eve
When my heart o'erflowed at last?
And the love I had feared to let you know
Came pouring so thick and fast
That it brought the beautiful blushes, love,
To your tender, dimpled cheek,
And you told your joy in your glowing eyes
Tho' your red lips dared not speak.

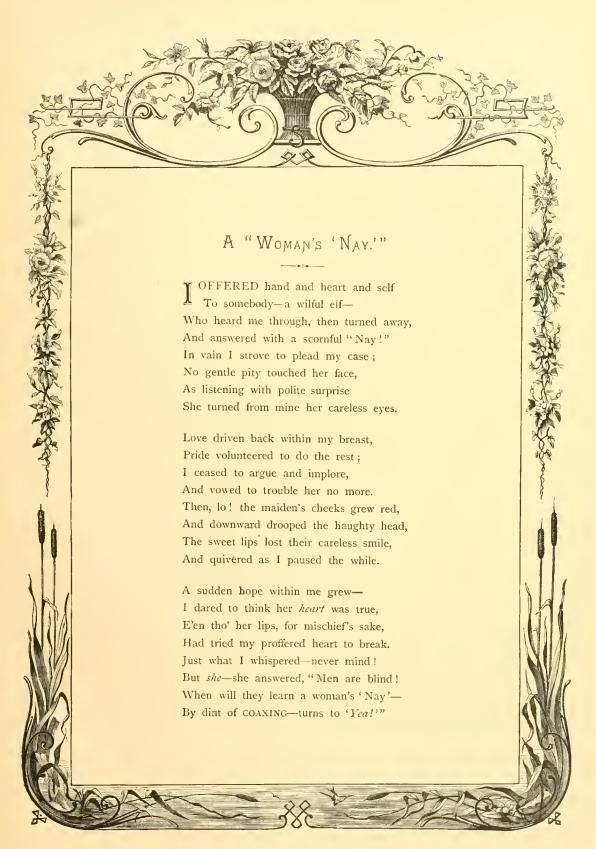
But you dipped your hand in the waters bright
And gathered a lily for me,
And bade me wear it home, dear heart,
That all the village might see
That Dorothy, fairest of all the maids,
Had given her hand and love
To Reuben—truest of all the lads,
Ay! true as the stars above!











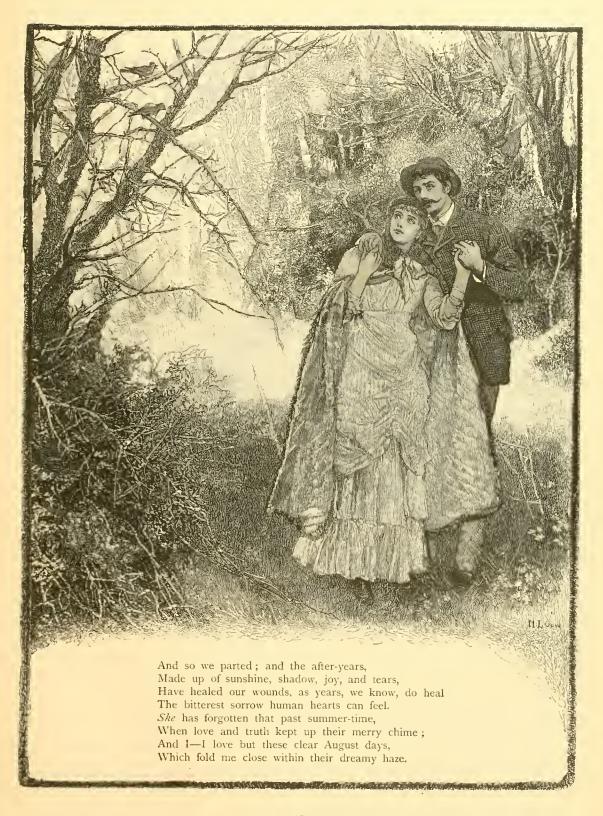


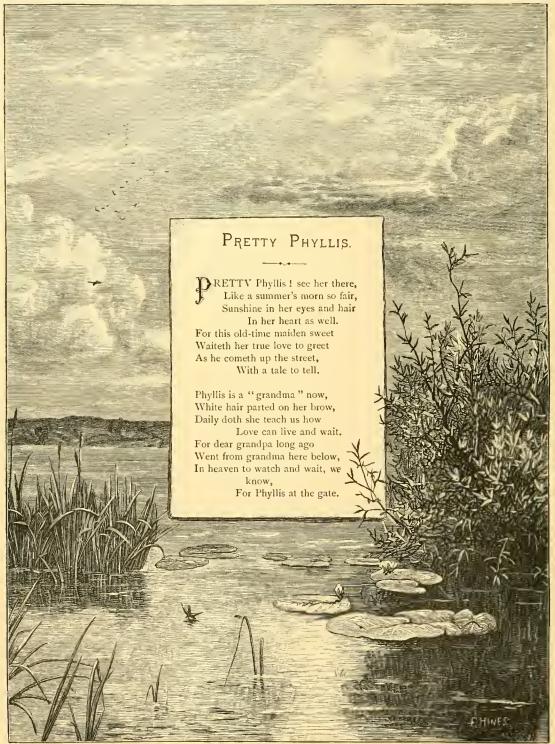
HESE are the soft, delicious August days,
Which so enwrap themselves in tender haze,
And peeping thro' the mist with dreamful eyes,
Turn golden 'neath the glow of August skies.
The passing breeze stops lazily to play
With every leaf and flower on its way;
Borrows the perfume from its playmates sweet,
Then dies, to make the August day complete.



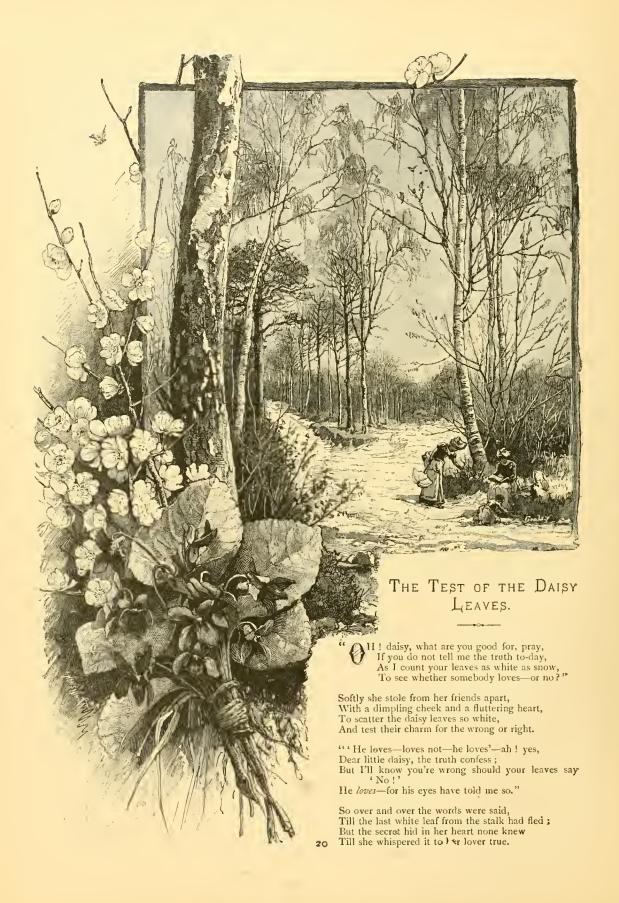
I rest me idly 'neath the branches spread,
Like strong protecting arms, above my head;
While memory paints a picture fair to see,
And sings an old-time melody to me.
Only a song which tells of love and truth,
In days when all things blossomed bright for youth,
When timid hearts, by tell-tale eyes betrayed,
Grew bold at last, and earth a heaven made.

And then, ah, me! as if but yesterday,
Our parted lives went each its chosen way.
I see the pale, grave face, the saddened eyes
Tear-dimmed, yet blue as were the happy skies.
I hear the voice, low-toned, with grief suppressed;
I hear the long-drawn sigh which shook her breast;
And, ah! I feel again the weight of woe
Which hid my summer 'neath the winter's snow.

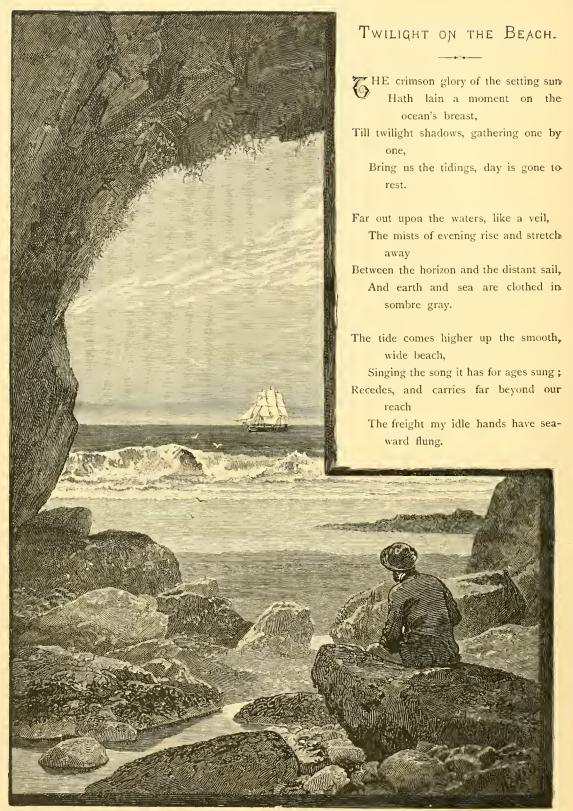


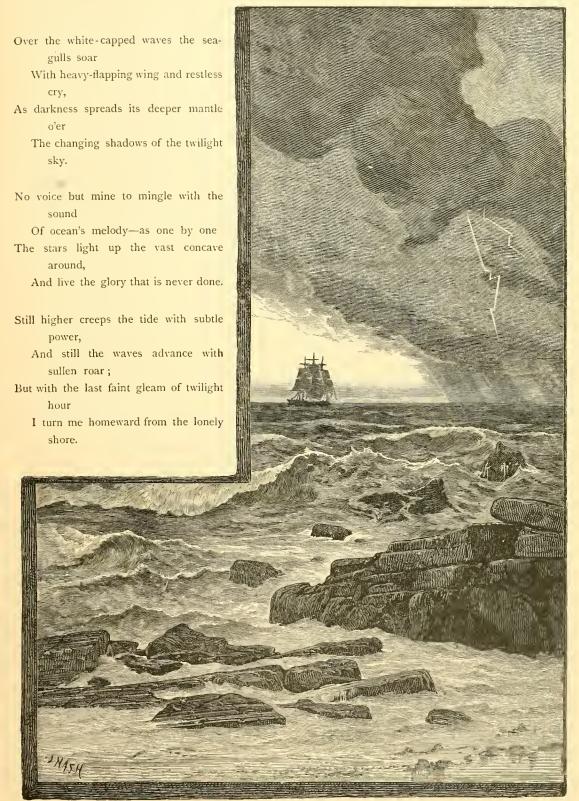


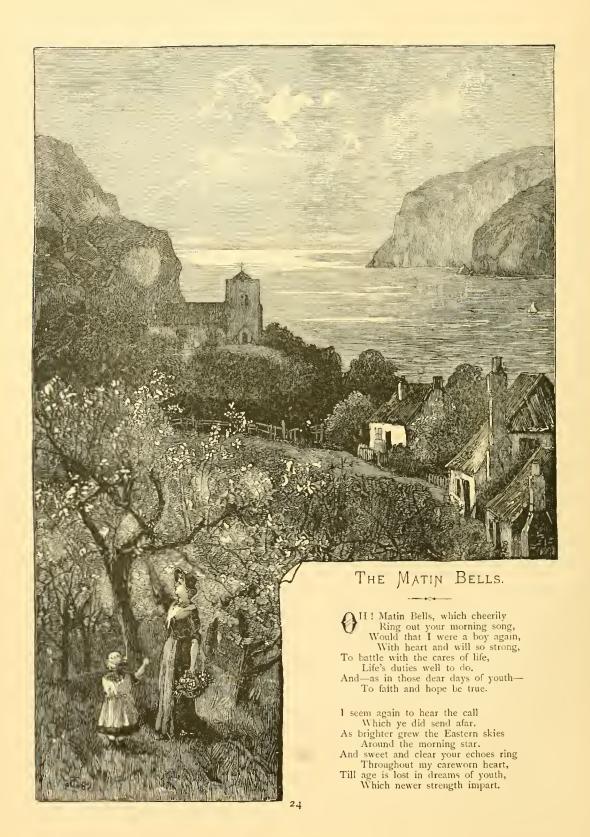


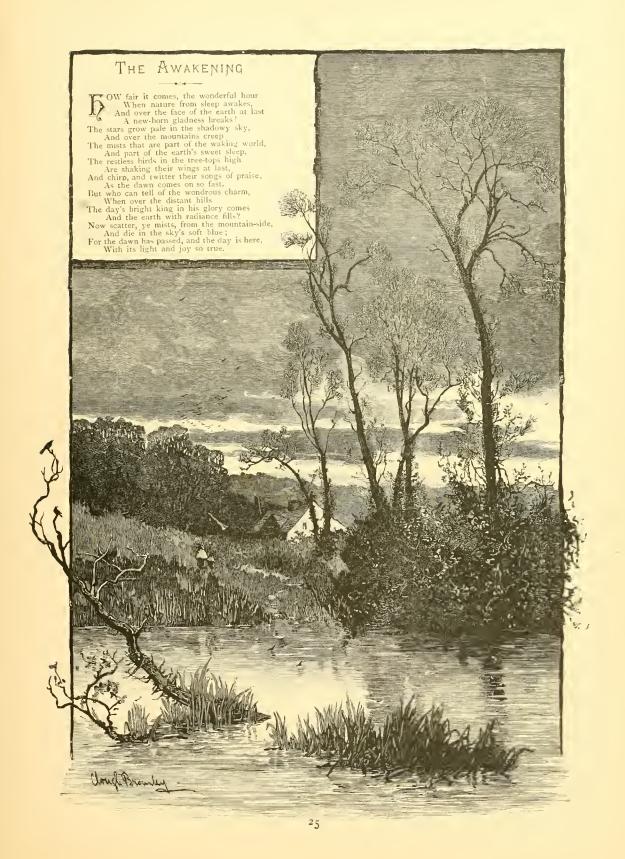








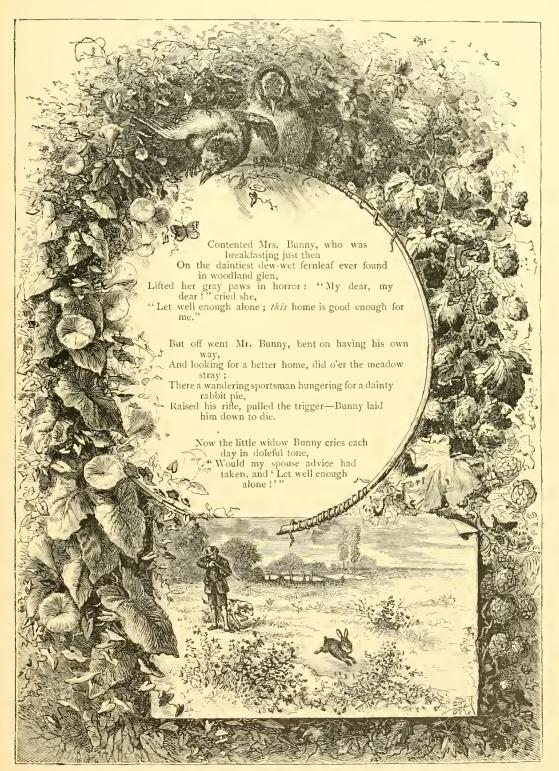


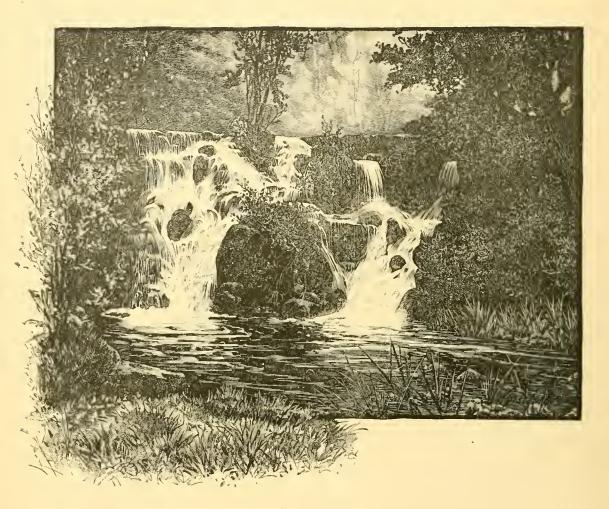




"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

"Y dear," said Mr. Bunny, on a pleasant summer day,
"I'll go and take a look at things outside and far away
From this dull home of ours, where we've lived too long, you see-Perchance I'll find a livelier place, my dear, for you and me."



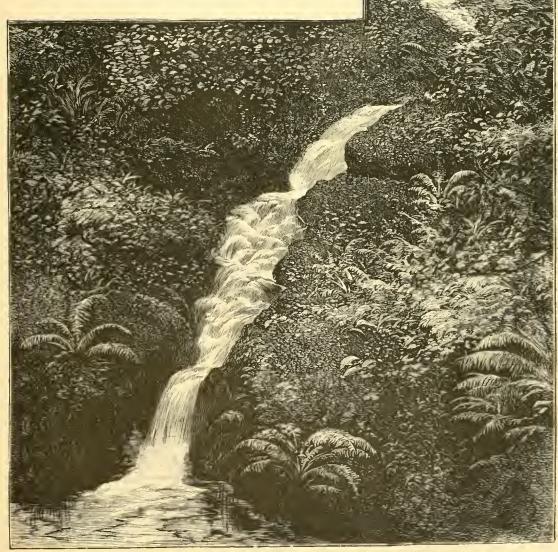


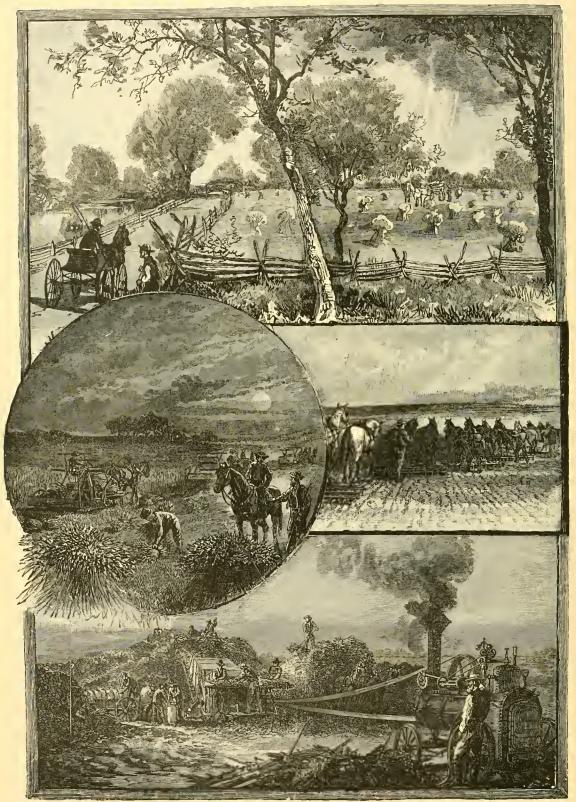
THE CASCADES.

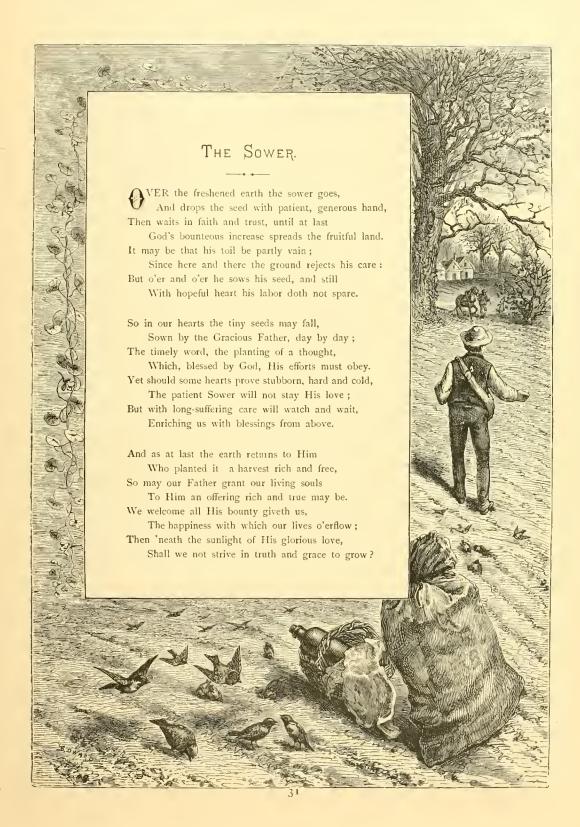
And sing their mad song o'er and o'er;
All night long they roar and rush,
And the deep forest's solemn hush
Disturb, as down the mountain-side,
Now like a rivulet, then wide,
And wider still, they take their way
'Neath sunlight and thro' shadows gray.
Thro' day and night, as years go by,
Heedless of storm or summer sky,
Unmindful of our smiles or tears,
Unmindful of our hopes and fears,

Living their own wild lives so free,
And singing their own songs merrily.

Now plunging swift o'er rock and crag,
Now creeping steadily among
The ferns and grasses by the way,
Then broadening till their foam is flung
At last adown the terraced bank,
Where cling the tangled vines so sweet,
Leaping from stone to stone until
Their lives the river-waters meet,
And wrestling with the currents there,
At last the river's burdens share.













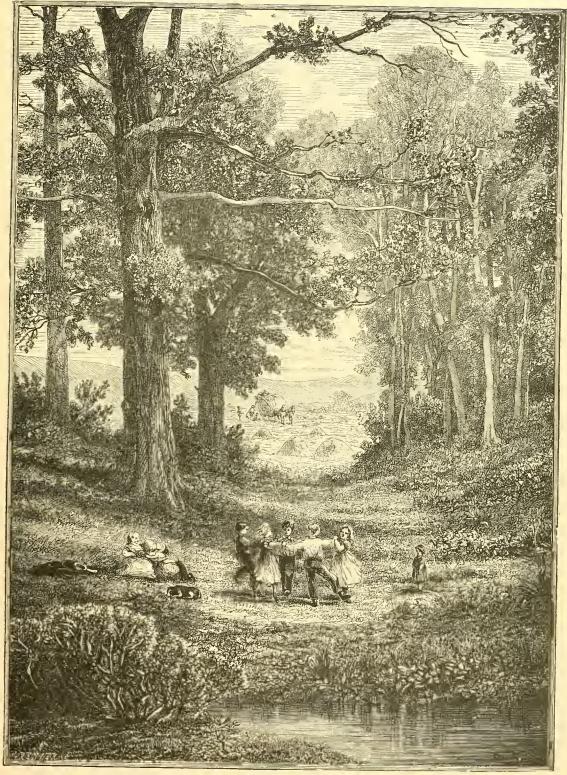
YOME one! come all!" the farmer cries, With a hearty welcome in voice and eyes; "The fields are wide, and the flowers are free, And the breezes are blowing right merrily; And there's plenty of sunshine to be had For browning the cheeks of each lassie and lad."

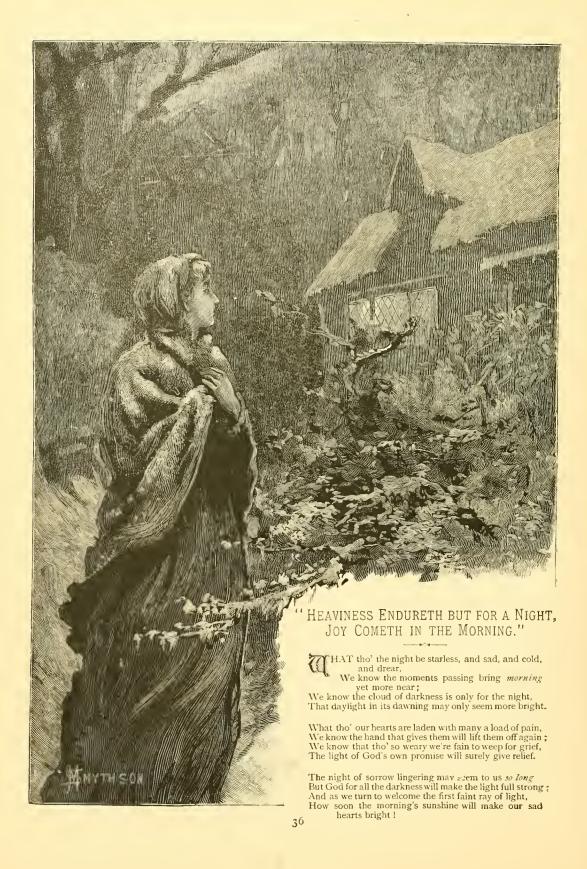
Oh! fast the little pale cheeks grow brown, As the golden sunbeams come tumbling down To help the breezes which kiss so sweet Each lad and lassie they chance to meet. And the jolly old farmer cries, "Oh! oh! At last the dimples begin to grow!"

There's never a bird but seems to sing His happy song with a merrier ring, Because of the ears which love to hear, And the echoing voices so glad and clear. And the farmer says to his wife, "'Tis plain A happiness shared is doubled again!"

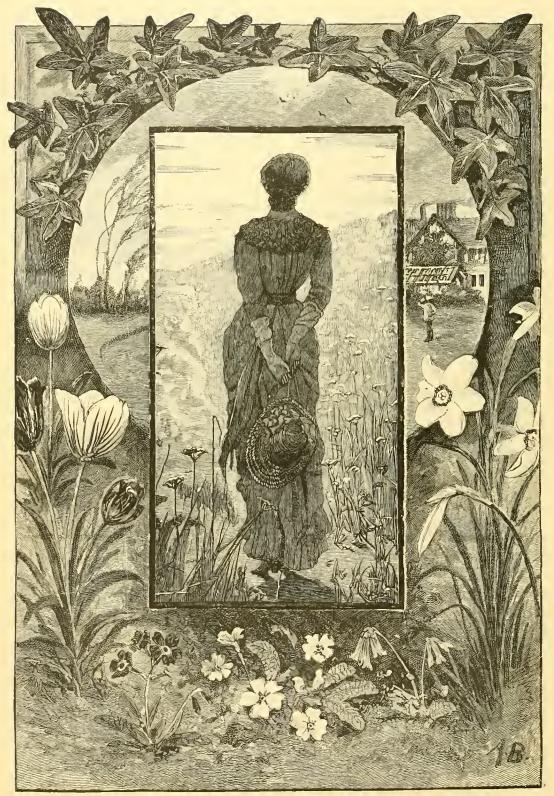
Oh! the "Fresh Air Fund!" may its years be long,

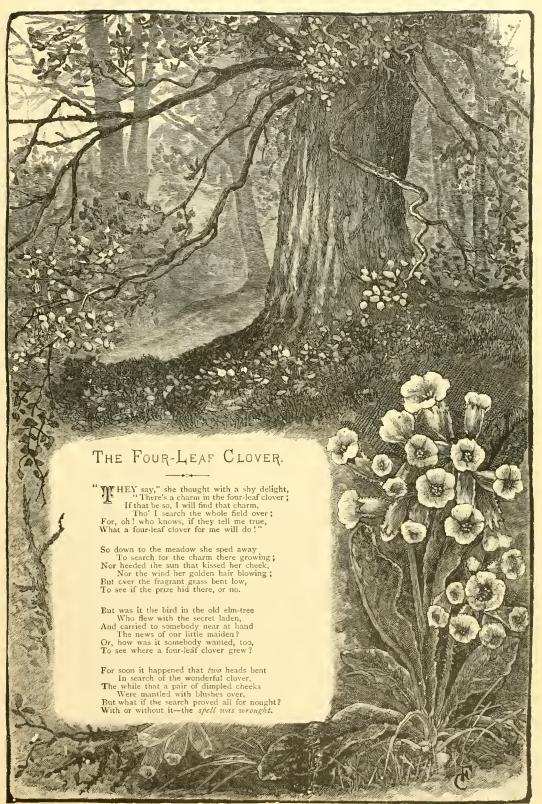
Its friends be many, its influence strong; For fields are many, and flowers are free, And the lambs of God's flock should joyous be. And God holds ever the "Helping Hands" 34 That labour at home or in distant lands.

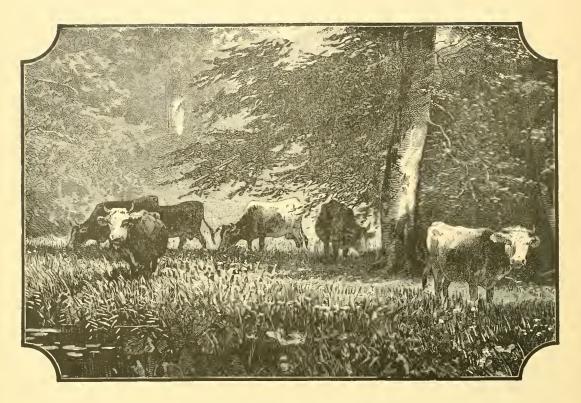












Going After the Cows.

"YENNIE!" mother cries, "Jen-nie!
Why, where in the world can Jennie be?
She went for the cows an hour ago.
What ails the girl that she lingers so?"

The sun goes down in the crimson west, The tired day prepares for rest, And the laggard moments slowly pass, But bring no news of the truant lass.

"What ails the girl?" The sober cows, Stopping along the fields to browse, May look in vain from side to side, And wait the voice of their pretty guide.

For far behind, by the pasture gate, Jennie—and Jamie—forget 'tis late, Forget the cows, and the milking hour, And everything else, save love's sweet power. The lengthening shadows unheeded fall
The whip-poor-will with his plaintive call,
The gathering dews, and the darkening sky—
All warn in vain as the minutes fly.

Twice and thrice does mother go

To the farmhouse door, ere she hears the low

Of the cows, as they trample up the lane,

And the ring of the cow-bells, clear and plain.

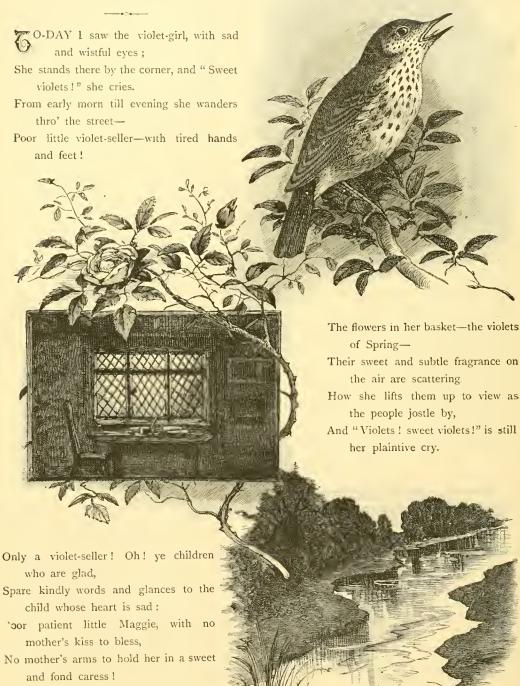
But presently come the laggard feet
Of Jennie and Jamie. Oh! shyly sweet
Are the girl's blue eyes as she stands before
The mother, who meets her at the door.

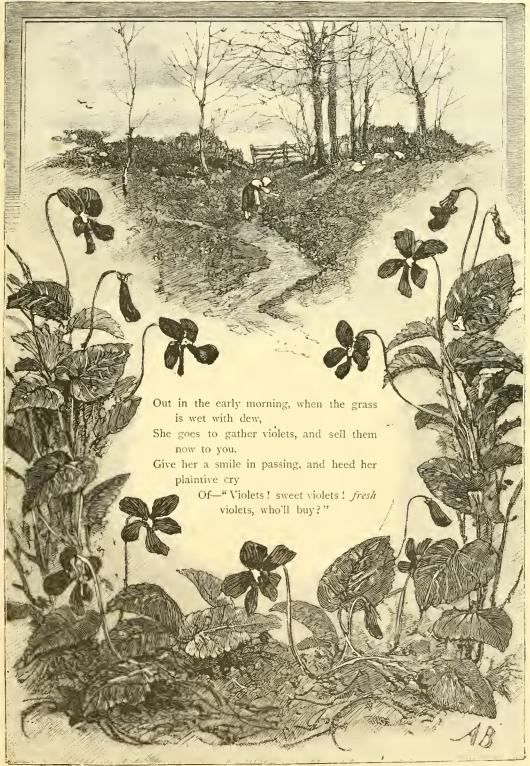
"What kept you so, my child?" "I?—Oh! I was going after the cows, you know." Then whispered Jamie, "Whatever you do, Don't tell her that I—went after you!"

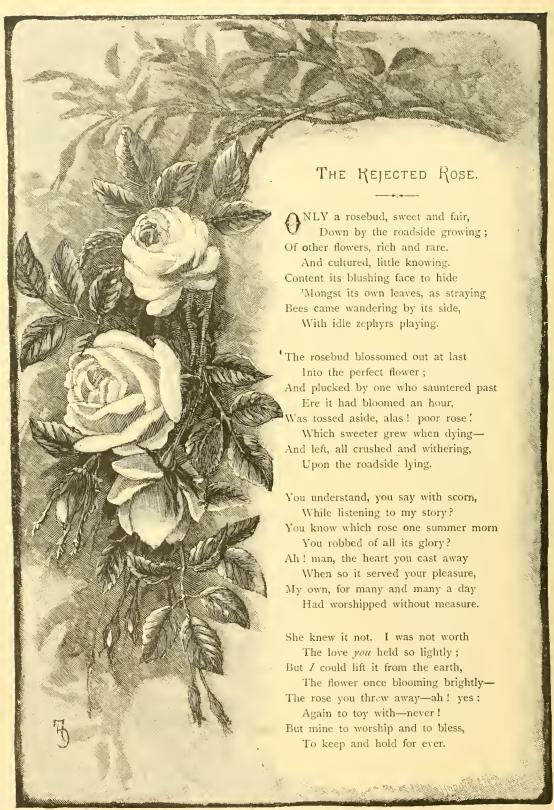
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THE VIOLETS.











THE mantle of darkness is spread o'er the sky,

The last gleam of twilight is fading away,

And night, in advancing, her golden-starred veil

Has quietly laid o'er the face of the day;

While the dew, or the tears of the day which is done,

Fall softly on earth, on each flower and spray.

And what of the hours that since the bright morn
Have gathered the harvest of one day of life?
Were they laden with deeds that were kindly and true,
And fit to soar skyward? Or were they but rife
With thoughts born of sorrow, and hearts that were weak
From battling away amid trouble and strife?

'Tis said—and the saying brings comfort, we know—
That with twilight some angel draws pityingly near
To cover our woes with a sheltering wing,
And ease every heart of its burthen of fear,
And bear to the world far beyond the dark clouds
The prayers that are prayed amid many a tear.

Or, if only gladness has fall'n to our lot, To help us be thankful, the dear angel steals Close—close to our hearts, till she enters within, And life's sweetest blessings more truly reveals.

And the spirit, grown humble, at heaven's gate

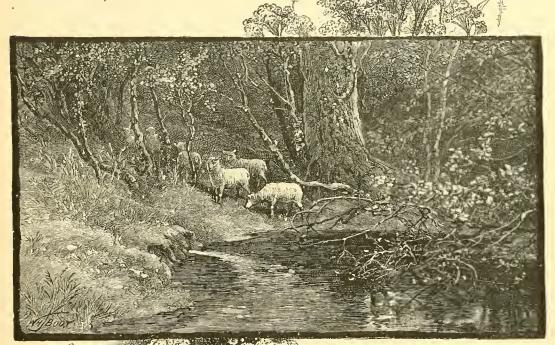
And the heart with new fervour looks upward in peace, kneels.

We can breathe in His ear all our full hearts may hold,

Be the thoughts what we will, He will well under-

All the longings, the yearnings; and all will be peace In the soul that is trusting, at Jesus' command.

We can fancy ourselves at the feet of our Lord; We can feel on our brows the dear touch of His hand;



There is sure to be sunshine and gladness again, And the brightness of blessings which hide all the pain.

"To each life," says the poet, "some sorrow must come;"

Aye! but clouds soon are lifted, and after the rain,

And after the weeping, and after the woe,

Whatever the burden the hours may bear

Away with the day that has flown into space, May the hour of twilight bring comfort to all,

And the mantle of darkness leave never a trace Of its own heavy shadow, when morning shall dawn, And a new day arise with a smile on its face.



THE MEADOW LAKE.

BROAD expanse of water rippling bright,
And dimpling into sparkles 'neath the light
Of a fair summer day, a golden day
With which the sunbeams and the shadows play;
While on the hill-sides merrily the breeze
Is singing its sweet song amongst the trees,
Or, mad with frolic, 'neath the azure skies
To dip its pinions in the lake it hies.

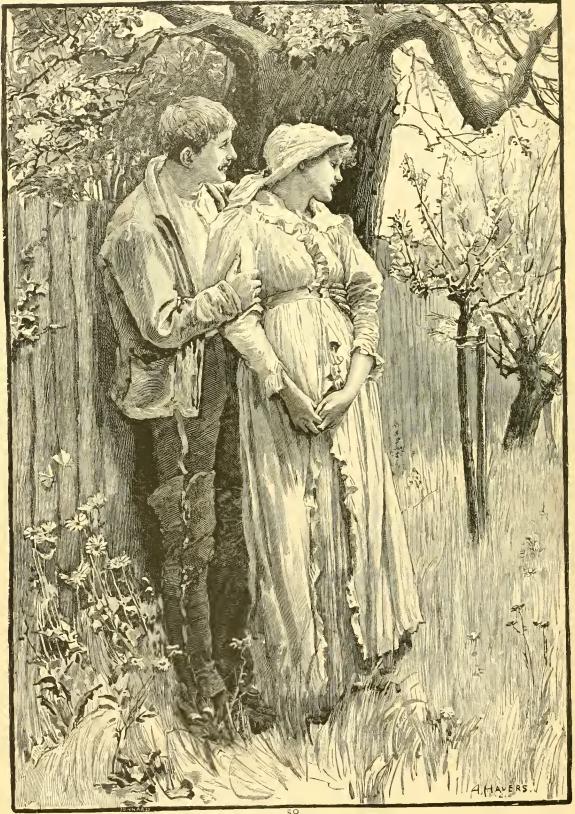
Along the wooded shore the wavelets creep, Singing the ferns and nodding grass to sleep; Kissing the grim old rocks till one by one They shine and glisten 'neath the noonday sun. The boats, which lazily swing to and fro, Keep time to lullabies so soft and low, Which round their keels the rippling waters sing From morn till night, with love unwearying.

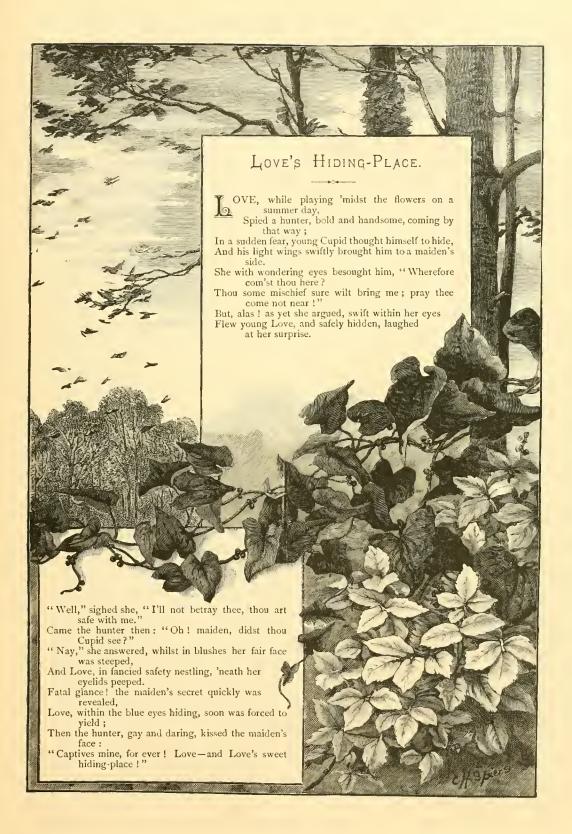
Now here, now there, from many a woodside tree We hear the call of birds, and gleefully
The music of their song sweet echoes make
Across the bosom of the quiet lake.
Far off, beneath the shadow of the shore,
Some merry rower drops awhile his oar,
And faintly o'er the waters, sweet and clear,
The echo of his boat-song we may hear.

Oh! fair, sweet lake, all diamond-crowned, and gay With the sweet blessing of the summer day; Thou perfect picture from the Master's hand; Thou fairest of all spots on sea or land; Shut in by hills which bathe their staunch old feet In thy cool wavelets: kissed by zephyrs sweet And guarded by the soft blue sky above, No wonder that thy memory 1 love!

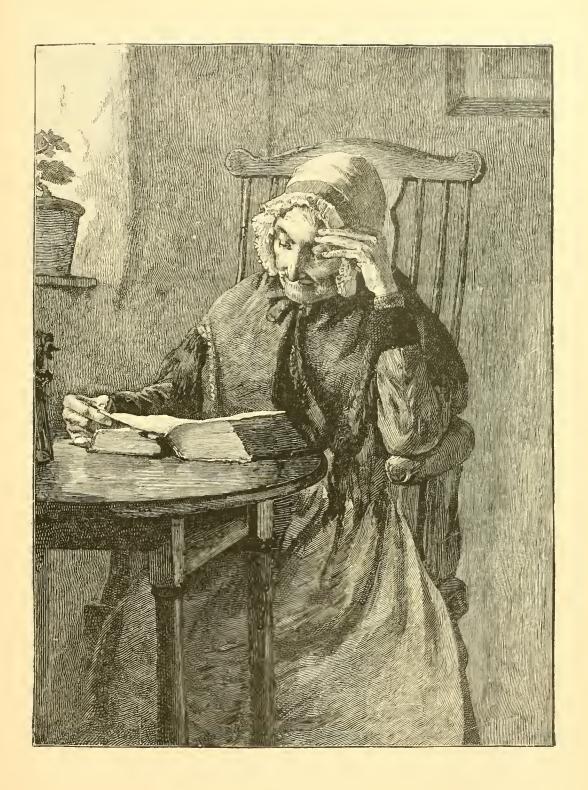
Far, far away from thee my path must lie, Apart from wooded hill and full free sky; Apart from shady glen and ferny road; Apart from Nature's fearless, loving code. But in my heart thy memory I shall hold Till memory and sense grow worn and old; And many a silent echo will awake Itself within my heart, fair meadow lake.













THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

She looks from her window's height,

For the fierce, wild rage of the sea is past,
And gone the blackness of night.

With the first faint flush of the sunrise
The tears in her eyes are dried,

For she sees the sail of her father's boat,
And over the distance wide

Her heart a welcome is sending,
Making her glad eyes bright;

"Thank God," she cries, "that he comes unharmed
From the dangers of the night!"

Oh! wild was the cruel tempest,

And loud was the angry 10ar

Of the midnight storm and the giant waves
As they lashed the lonely shore.

And timid the heart of the maiden
Who watched the long hours away,
In dread lest the life she loved go out
Ere the dawn of the coming day.

"And, oh! should I lose thee, father!"
She cried in her agony,
"Nor joy nor gladness ever again,
Nor safety shall be for me!"

But now to the morning's breezes

She gaily flingeth her fears,

For the day-dawn shines on the spreading sails,

And the cool winds dry her tears.

No more she fears for the future,

For "father" is close at hand,

And all forgotten the night will be

When she touches that father's hand.

Oh! what if we lose "Our Father,"

What if we lose His care?

What if we fail to watch for Him

With never-ceasing prayer?

What if the darkness hide Him,

The darkness of wilful sin?

And the tempest beats, and the night grows wild,

And our lives are black within?

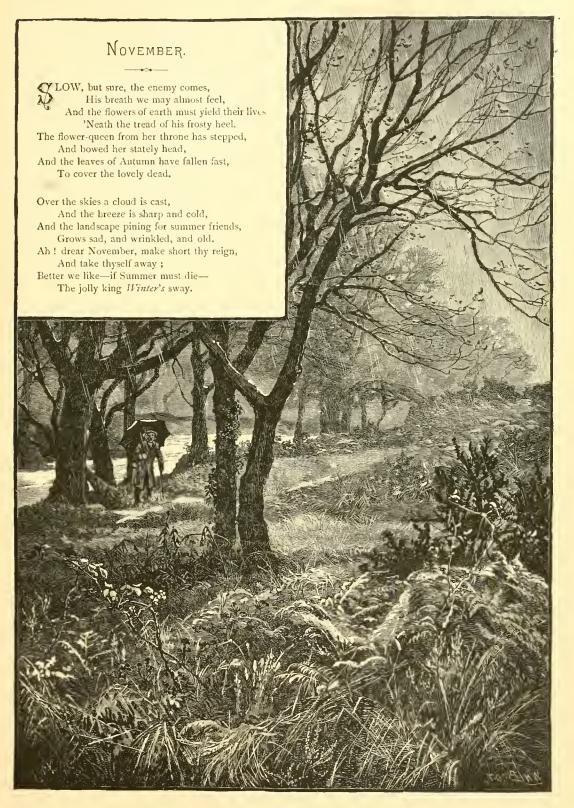
Oh! what should we know of safety?

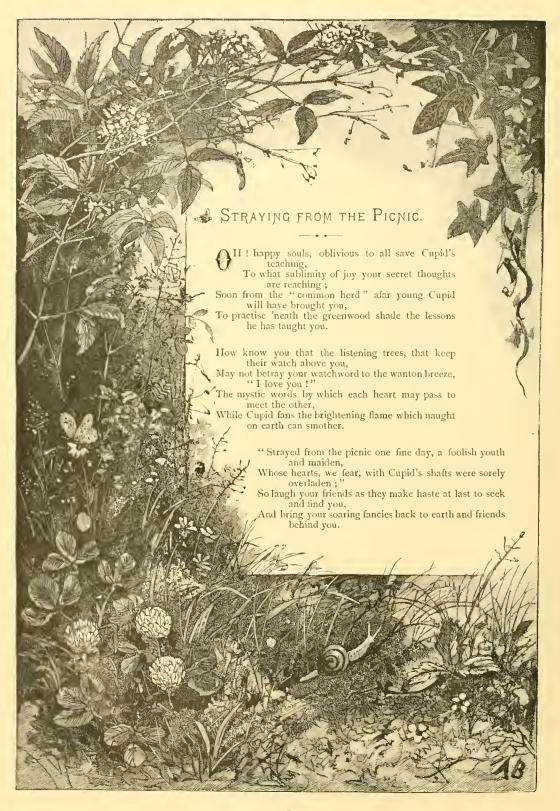
Where should we turn for rest,

If never again in Faith we could lay

Our heads on the Father's breast?

Let us watch and pray till He cometh
Safe out of the mist and rain,
And out of the doubt that clouds our hearts,
To gladden our lives again.
And we'll watch for the coming day-dawn,
When clouds and sorrow shall rise,
And the sight of the "Father" we long to see
Shall dry the tears in our eyes.









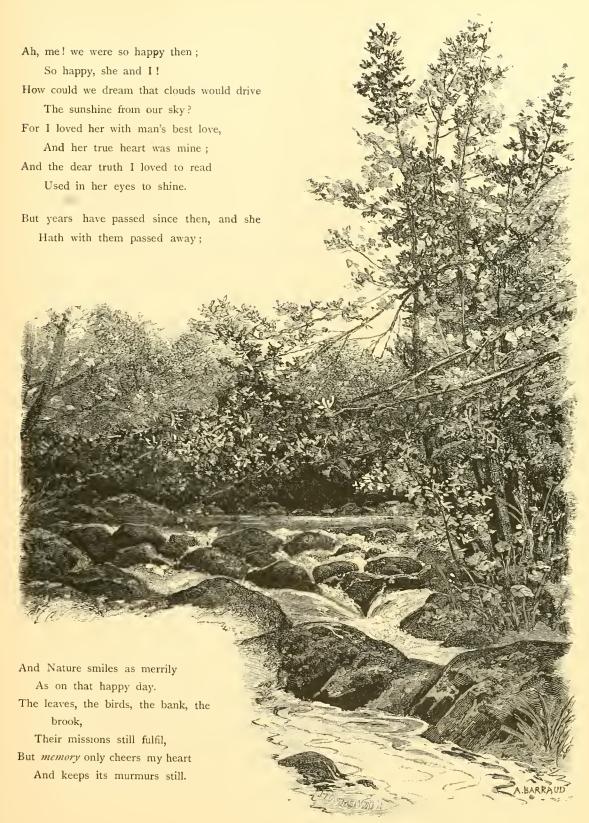
A REMINISCENCE.

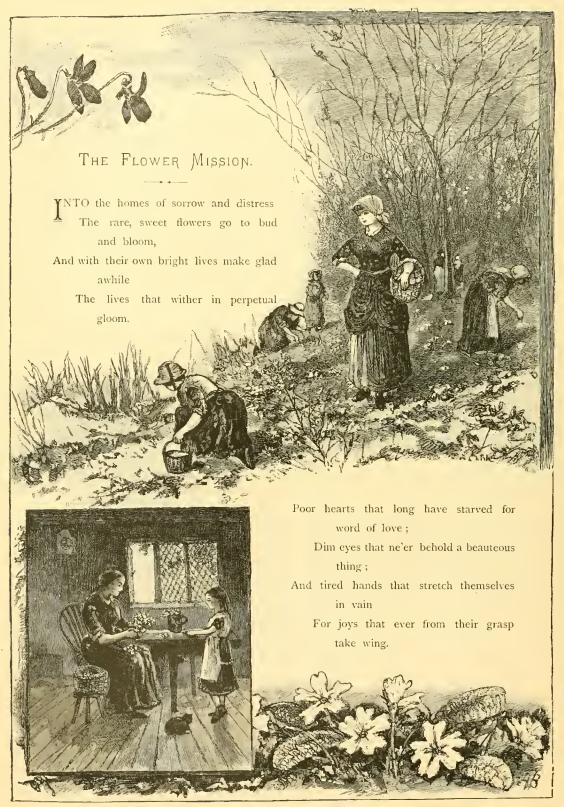
BENEATH the quivering arch of leaves,
Where sunlight flickered through,
While birds sang merry songs of love,
Each to its mate so true:
Where just below the mossy bank
The laughing stream flowed by,
We came with fishing-line and rod,
My blue-eyed May and I

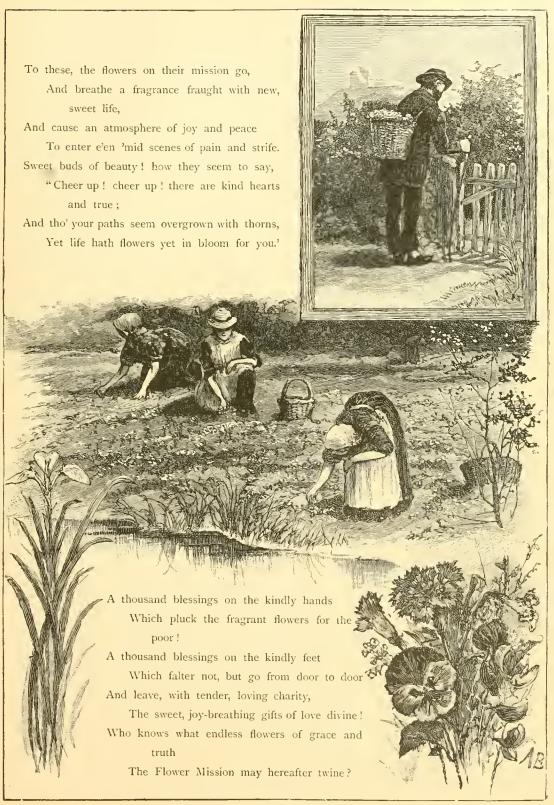
Oh! how her merry laugh rang out,
Startling the birds above!

And I forgot the shining fish
While whispering words of love.

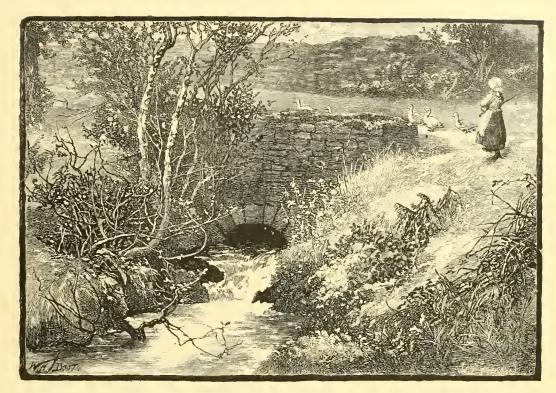
And how the sunlight, falling through
The tangled web of green,
Came dancing down to crown her head—
My blue-eyed May—my queen!











ROBIN AND I.

HAT if I were a lady fair,

Binding each day in my flowing hair

Gems and jewels all rich and rare?

What if I owned my coach and four, To stand each day at my stately door, Or bear me in state my journeys o'er?

Ah! but I couldn't have Robin then! Robin, poor, but the best of men; And riches lacking, himself were vain.

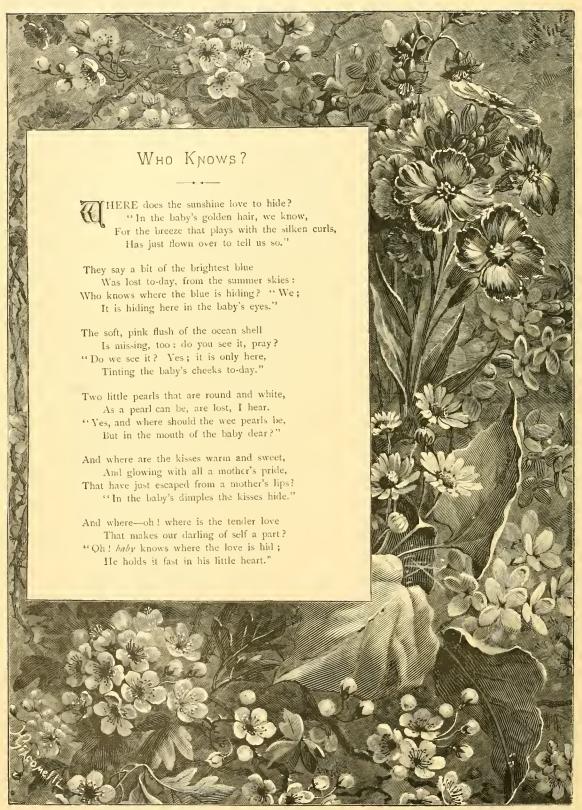
What if my fingers, soft and white, Were flashing with diamonds' brilliant light, Dainty with gems so gay and bright? Ah! mine are brown with the summer sun, Hard with a toil that is never done, But *Robin* loves them—every one!

And if I wore dresses of satin sheen, Garments fit for a "dame" or queen, Why, Robin would know me not, I ween!

So my own two feet, I'm ready to say, Must be "coach and four" on market day, To take me over the roads away.

And the only gems for my waving hair Must be the beautiful sunbeams fair, Which Robin and I together may share.

And this locket Robin has given me Holds the only gems that I care to see— The truest *eyes* that could ever be!







FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

OB and I were playmates once,

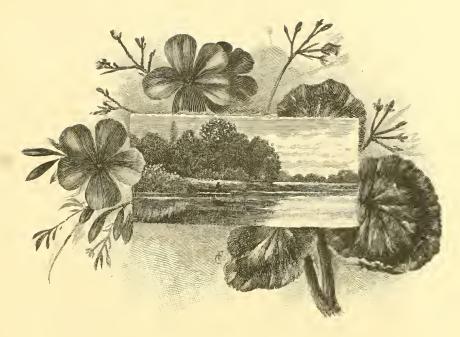
Together used to laugh and cry;

A youth and maiden are we now—
Oh, dear! the years so swiftly fly!

We used to play—at lovers, too,
When we were children gay and free;
And now, the rogue, he seems to think
That he should still my lover be!

I really can't make up my mind
To quarrel with the foolish boy,
For maybe, if he went away,
My life would lose one-half its joy
And if the question I should try
To argue with him, why—you see,
In argument, e'en when a child,
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
Rob has a word for all I say,
And, after all, my heart inclines
To let him have his own dear way.
Strange how persistent men can he!
What can a timid maiden do?
I think—just for the sake of peace—
I'd better—yield the point: don't you?



THE GOLDEN GATE.

EYOND the clouds the Golden Gate is waiting,
Which only angel hands can open wide,
And only they whose day of toil is ended
Pass in, and find their rest at eventide.
What may we know of all that there awaits

Of joys which ne'er on earth their lives did fill?

To them, and only them, is solved the mystery,
Whilst we, with vision dim, must wonder
still.

Oh, Golden Gate, by angel hands so guarded!

Oh, Golden Gate that opens day by day!

What of the dear ones who, thy portals passing,

Have faded from our earthly sight away?

We read of realms of everlasting glory,

Of fields where flowers bloom, nor fade nor

die;

May we not breathe the fragrance of their blooming,

E'en tho' they blossom far beyond the sky?

Oh, Golden Gate, beyond the clouds now waiting!

Thou openest to let the weary in

To where is only welcome rest eternal,

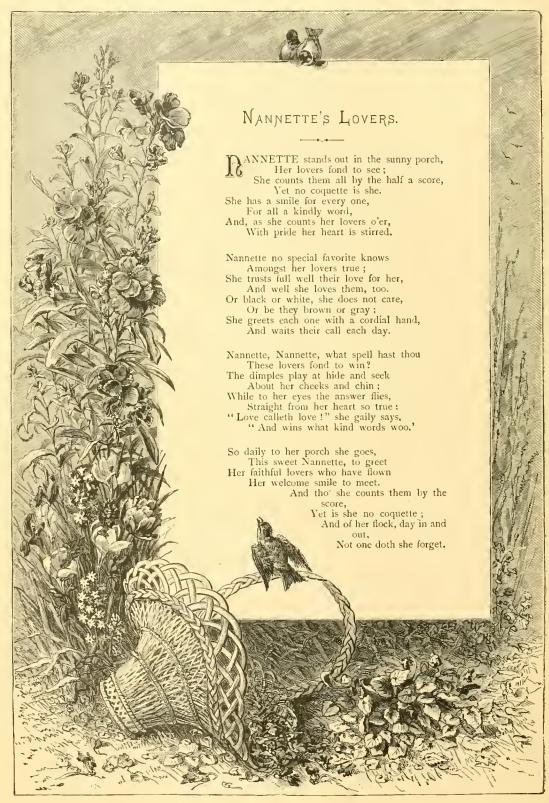
And nothing more of earthly strife and sin

Oh, life which lieth far beyond our vision!

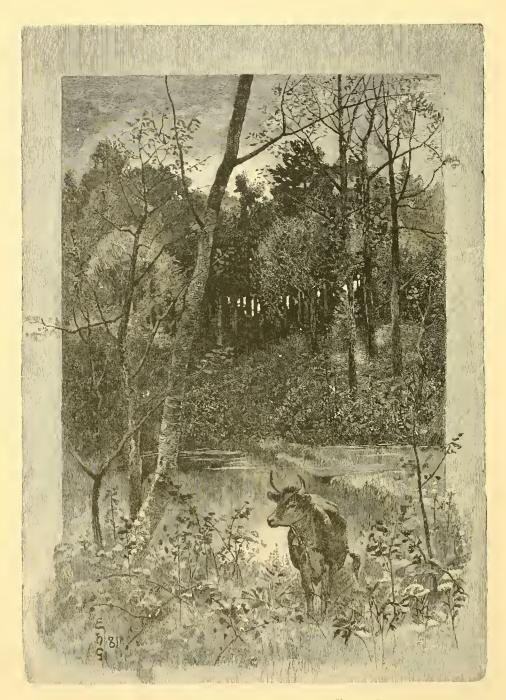
Oh, rest eternal which our dear ones know!

Oh, Golden Gate which openeth into glory!

By faith we enter in, tho' yet below.







GRANDMA'S "AULD LANG SYNE."

RANDMOTHER GRAY by the window sat And looked at the setting sun,

And watched the cows as they slowly came
From the pasture, one by one.

And back again to the long-ago

Her memory travelled fast,

While the dim eyes closed as she lived again

'Mid scenes of the happy past.

She was thinking over the youthful days

When there by the pasture gate

Young Robin, with milking-pail and stool,

For her coming used to wait.

Those days of courtship, tender and true:

How they thrilled her even now,

Tho' years had parted her love and her,

And "e hair above her brow

Was white with the winter of life. "Ah, well!"

She murmured, "the morn was bright,

Why should I grieve that the clouds hang low

With the coming shades of the night?

For Robin and I, as man and wife,

Were 'lovers' for many a year,

And we're 'lovers' still, tho' he dwells above,

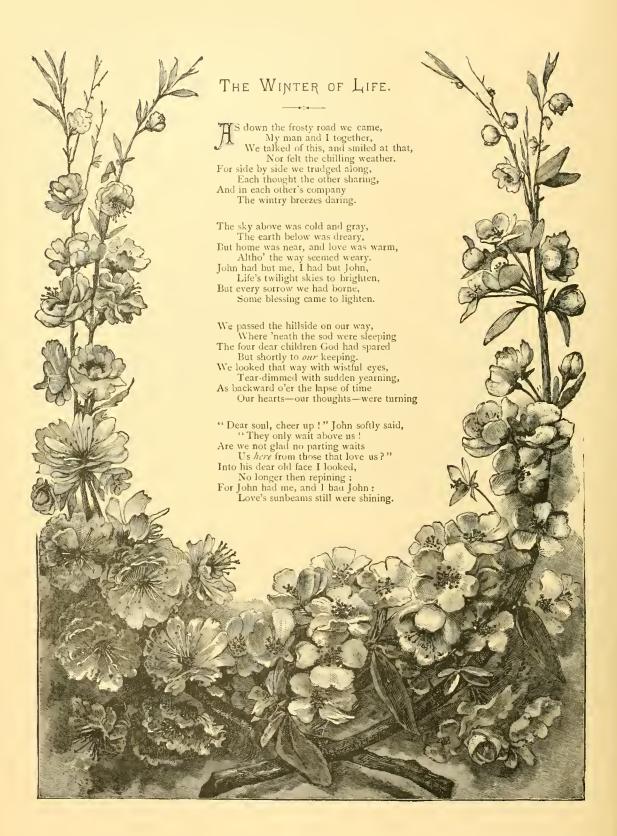
And I am yet waiting here.

"The good Lord knows that it seems full long
Since He called my Robin away;
And He knows that I am weary and old,
And would fain go any day
To meet the heart so tender, so true,
Which waits for me over there,
Where life is always young, they say,
And skies are forever fair."

* * * * * *

There came a time when the sun went down,
And the cows came slowly home,
As Grandmother Gray by the window sat,
While her thoughts seemed still to roam.
But the angels came for her waiting soul
While the twilight shadows fell.
And beyond the stars dear Grandma went,
With "Robin" in joy to dwell.







The summer joys long since were past,
And winter's snows were o'er us;
The twilight sky was cold and drear,
And night was just before us.
But though the way so weary seemed,
Yet John and I were merry;
For said I not that home was near?
And hearts and thoughts grew cheery.

And thinking o'er that walk to-day—
When John and I together,
Side close by side, came down the road,
All thro' the frosty weather—
I think of how, life's journey trod,
With trust forsaken never,
We've nearly reached at night that home
Where dwelleth rest forever.



My LITTLE FLOWER.

HAT do I do for a living, you ask,

As the days and weeks go by?

We gather the flowers and bring them to town,

And sell them, my baby and I.

Yes, baby helps me, young as she is,

For there's never a day or an hour

I fail to rejoice in her innocent love,

And I call her my sweetest flower.

Our home is only a cottage small

Outside of the city line;

But poor as it is, we get our share

Of the beautiful summer shine.

And I gather wild flowers at early morn

To sell to you, ladies, here,

And we earn our living right merrily so, I and my baby dear. Yes, ladies, the daisies are white and fair, And I love all flowers that grow,

But there's never a flower upon the earth Like my little flower—I know.

She holds the *violet* in her eyes,

The *rose* in her cheek so fair,

And the heart of the *daisy*, you can see, Lies warm in her golden hair.

So, poor indeed tho' our lot may be
As the days and weeks go by,

No happier people ever were found Than we—my baby and I.

Oh! summer may spread over hill and plain.
Full lavishly hour by hour,

Her treasures of bud and of blossom, but I Hold ever—the sweetest flower.

THE HAY-FIELD.

H! the charm of a summer day,
And a jolly ride for a load of hay!

How the children shout and sing,

Till the very fields with their music ring!

Down the lane, where the stately trees

Rustle and bow to the merry breeze;

Past the brook, where the timid trout

From his hiding-nook peeps warily out,

To the meadow gate, where the bars swing wide

To let the creaking old cart inside.

Then, pile it in—the fragrant hay,

Pile it in on the summer day;

Fill the cart till it overflows,

And on and on thro' the meadow goes

From mow to mow, till the work is done.

Now is the time for the children's fun!

Out again with the wagon-load,

Swinging and swaying along the read,

Bound for the barn where the doors stand wide,

With the sentinel maples at its side.

"Gee! Gee-haw!" "Now, youngsters there,

Hold hard, keep steady! So, have a care!"

And without a tumble, a bruise, or fall,

Horses, hay-cart, children and all,

Are safe on the old barn's grain-spread floor,

And grandpa knows that the fun is o'er.





HE shadows of winter, so chill and so gray, But fairest of all things that blossom and grow, Have passed from the meadows and hilltops away:

There's a shine in the skies Born of Spring's merry eyes, And the heart of the Earth groweth softer each day.

See, how she releases from fetter and chain Her treasures which spring into freedom again, Till with beauty and bloom, And with sweetest perfume, Is filled every hill-side and meadow and lane.

Sweet as the summer, and pure as the snow,

Is the lily that tells,

Like the glad Easter bells,

Once more the sweet story which all hearts should know.

Bloom out, fragrant lilies, bloom brightly and fair, Breathe out your pure breath on the soft balmy air;

Fling your banners so white

Gaily out to the light,

For past is the lenten of sorrow and care.

